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JOSEPH PULITEER, Jr., Secretary, 63 Park Row.

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WHAT BECAME OF THE LOOT?

R. MELLEN is out, leaving twenty thousand stockholders with a water-logged railroad on their hands. There are many who think Mr. Mellen should have been chained to his our to help pull back through the snags to clear water. It will need careful piloting to get out of the swamp.

What have the stockholders to say to their directors? Have they courage to apply to them for the explanations that no one has yet given? Will they ever get to the bottom of what became of the hundreds of millions spent in buying up broken backed trolleys and rickety steamship lines for which the road "paid what must be paid"? Who were the mysterious powers who backed the brilliant exploits of the retired president? Who planned the complicated knots which his facile fingers tied and retied about the New Haven system? Who slowly but surely ensuared the road? Where are the millions that "vanished into thin air" every now and then in the process?

Now that Mr. William Rockefeller has so fortunately recovered his health and his power of speech, New Haven stockholders ought to seize the first chance to put some of these questions to him and to his fellow directors.

> "Seth Low Flays Railroads."-Tribune headline. With a butter-knife?

A SCANDALOUS SUGGESTION.

UR MR. STOVER is not the man we thought him. We wonder if he is a safe influence to have around the Park. He has dropped Dr. Pease and the anti-smoke doctrine with a thud and now declares:

Though I do not smoke myself, I am not opposed to smoking. I not only approve of it at band concerts, but also of drinking there, too. I would just as soon see a reservation on the Mail back of the band stand where people could smoke and drink while listen-

This is going it, indeed! The Park Commissioner must be thinking of the bold, bad foreigners in Paris and Berlin where sands of families listen to open air concerts seated at little round tables with red tablecloths, and smoke and consume beer and coffee in lawless and immoral comfort.

Strangely enough, these people never think of spoiling either the music or their neighbors' enjoyment. But that is because they have nobody like Dr. Pease to teach them the error of their ways.

Wanted: A reliable horoscopist for Mexico.

ENTERTAINMENT FOR ALL

HE PHONOGRAPH is the said test of the singer," according to Edison, because it supplies "no scenery, no atmosphere, none of the hypnotism of the crowd. The singer must be judged by his voice alone." In his enthusiasm for the subject the great experimenter has made microscopic studies of thousands of phonograph records until now he can read and analyze a great voice by the tiny waves and zig-zags on the disc itself. Mr. Edison trying voices and chatting about them in his own laboratory, as described in The Sunday World Magazine for to-morrow, gives one of the best current glimpses of the busiest of all inventors.

In the same issue one may read of an extraordinary kindergarten for old folks where foreign parents and even grandparents of the east side study the English a b c's in a brave effort to keep up with the youngsters; plans of the two great expeditions which have started into the North Polar regions to find Crocker Land; the and sou pedigree of the most expensive horse on earth, for which the Argen-Has Government has just paid \$150,000; an interview with the boy who carried off highest honors and a satchel full of prizes fien he graduated from City College last month, and a description of the marvellous electric housekeeping devices of a man who does everything from cooking and washing to catching mice by pressing buttens or turning switches.

Letters from the People

On Side Hearest Curb.
Little of The Bresier World:
jid a man walk on the side
it the ourb when esserting two
or should he walk between

of The Evening World: the date of Election Day J. S.

As to Peacecks.

the Editor of The Evening World:

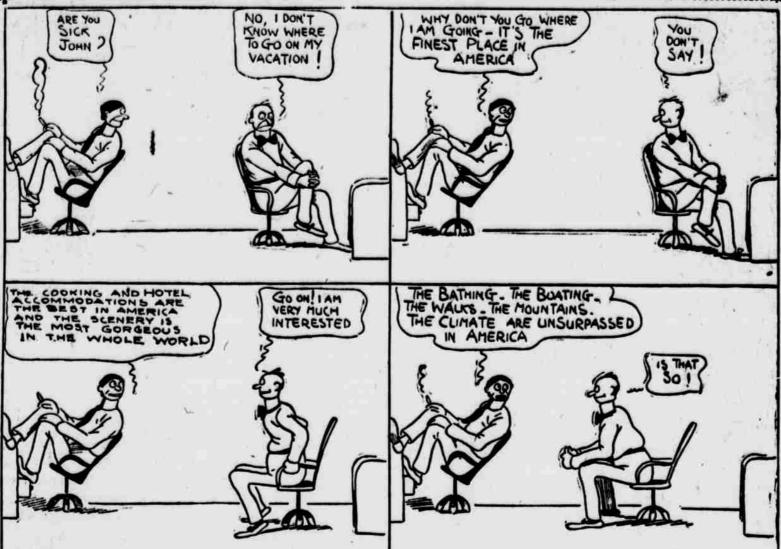
My husband is renting an abandoned tym. I am told there is money in taking peacecks. If any one who has ad experience along that line of enuror can tell briefly the method, hances and rewards I think it will be

of use to many country people who want make a little estra money.

The Coney Island Problem. the Editor of The Erening World:
The solution to Coney Island prebm (sleven boys spend 41.75 each.
appy Scroggs spends 73 cents more by Scrogge spends 72 cents more
the average sum of the twelve
they much does Sloppy spend?)
not servince me as to its method,
and this solution look better in
the Strengts spend \$1.75 cach
that Strengts spend \$1.75 cach
that Strengts spend \$1.75 + 12
1.15 x 31 = 10.35 + 1.75 + 72 = 21.72

by 15 - 1.75 x 31 = 10.35 + 1.75 + 72 = 21.72

Can You Beat It? By Maurice Ketten









OUDDENLY Mrs. Jarr glanced

Then Mrs. Jarr's screams became ar-

"My child! My blessed little child!"

"What's the matter? What is it?"

around and shricked. But what was among the mingled sights unds of Coney Island that had

Mr. Jarr, "the child is old enough to "Don't neckie the boy, tell who she is and where she lives. Jarr, soothingly, "I had his hand and leave the little Emma Mr. Jarr, "the child is old enough to

maybe she is just loitering along, lookling at the sights."

"Oh, why did I ever come down to
Coney Island?" moaned Mrs. Jarr.

"Why did I listen to you? I might
have known something would happen!
I said when we started out this mornling that I had a presentment—ooh!
Where is my darling little Emma?"

And in her agitation she shook Master Willie Jarr smartly again and
rapped his tender skull with her ringed
suit and carried a banneret marked,
who was arrayed in a vibrant check
and carried a banneret marked,
which clear to being tapped

"I Should Worry!" attached to a little
work."

Whereupon ne stepped back hastily
and upon the tender instep of another
young cavalier who's pennon was inscribed "Be My Snooky-Cokums."

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and upon the tender instep of another
young cavalier who's pennon was inscribed "Be My Snooky-Cokums."

Whereupon the Knight of I Should
Worry. And in an instant a riot was
in progress.

"Hold on to your handbag!" whispered Mr. Jarr, as he led Mrs. Jarr and
the remaining and unlost child from the
tumult. "Whenever there's a fight
down here the pickpockets get to
work."

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down here the pickpockets get to
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Lost, Strayed, Stolen, or All Three! One Member of the Jarr Household ***********************************

with a thimble in the same spot), is one , rattan cane.

Learn One Thing Every Day Hoto to Gain a Fund of General Information

31. THE VOLUANIC IELANDS. quantities of pineapples and banan

"What's the matter? What is it?"
gasped Mr. Jarr.
"She's lost! Stolen! Kidnapped!"
cried the frantic mother.
Then she grasped Master Wille Jarr
by the arm and shook him vigorously.
"WHY didn't you look after your littis sister?" she exclaimed. "And you,
too!" she added, turning to Mr. Jarr.
"You might have kept an eye on her
white I was watching Willie for fear sens or turning switches.

State of turning switches.

Sta

Jarr, making a step toward the knight-Whereupon ne stepped back hastily

whimpered Mrs. Jarr. "Flow can you up a r think of money in such a moment, when think of money in such a trampled under should "What do I care for pickpockets?" feet by those fighting ruffians."

"But little Emma isn't here to get trampled on," said Mr. Jarr. "New

OH, man, in days of sleet and snow, A "brute," a "tyrant" and a "foe;" But 'neath the summer moonlight, bow, A veritable godsend, thoul

In the war of the sexes a woman hides her scars of battle beneath a smile and a coat of rouge. A man goes about displaying his as proudly as though they were medals.

odern wife doesn't object to her husband kissing the cook it odly it will help them to keep her with them a little longer.

Perhaps, after all, Eve was merely trying to find out if a balky man, like a balky horse, can be led by bolding an apple in front of him. Semetimes a girl is not half-so surprised when a man kisses her "unex-

When a man gets a chance to show his wife how to make a rarebit or mix a saisd "scientifically" he feels just like Liberty enlightening the

The marriage tie is like anything else that binds; a man can get

used to it that he doesn't even notice it.

If Methuselah had been a woman he never would have gotten no

The Week's Wash By Martin Green

few days I can teetify that the

PACTH CARDS "We are learning to dodge automobiles," replied the laundry man, "but there is a contraption shooting about the streets that is every bit as dangerous. I refer to that wheeled projectile selled the materials. cycle. Here is a machine running amuck, as it were under no supervision whatever. And as they are cheep and can be bought on the installment plan

"Our legislators have surrounded the public with a great many safeguards the river and is harder to catch then against the automobile, the chief of which is a system of numbers and licenses for chauffeurs. The licenses are to wait until there is a great uprising granted only after an examination, the to protect the public against motor-numbers are listed and every man run-cyclists and motorcyclists against them. ning an automobile feels a sense of responsibility to the law.

"But any human wild ass of the desert possessing the price or the credit can bu;" a motorcycle and charge forth

astride it in the haunts of men. Mo- 66 | SEE," said the head polisher torcycles are easy to start and , usy to stop and they can go fifty or sixty
miles an hour. Heavy and st mgly
built, they are capable of knocking only about 36 a day.

"Oh yes, verily." remarked the than

my impression," remarked the dead polisher, "that some of a new law regulating the speed of automobiles in the city an evening of pleasure. Half a dosest recently. But from many comets and went through at thirty personal experience as a pedestrian in the past
from t



"We ought to license mote

As to Bill's Bills

expense bills when he is on the

Compliment.

Let was an Irishman and be had red hair and broad shoulders. Moreover, one giance at him cave you the impression that, as a nifty infielder in the whisty game, he had hung up a record for accepting all chances. A police man, laying a heavy hand on one of the broad shoulders, began to make a few remarks about the necessity of a journay to the police court.

"I don't care," said the Irishman, "whether you take me before that Judge or not. He's an old foot. That's all he is."

"Do you really think he's a foul?" saked the officer.

Sound Reasoning.

Bound to Have His Joke.

66 OKER about the slowness of trains, espe-cially here in the South," says an Atlanta railway man, "also tire me a bit by their

66 AMBO," said the owner of a country place
to his gardener, "concerning that tree I wanted you to cut down, my sette things
it had better be allowed to stand."

"Well, ah thick it ought ter some down,

Helping a Brother. Support the man with the chin based,

Super acting his lunchess in a realism
reached across the table, touched the
ton in the lapti of the cost wern by the

Chicken and Chicken Pie

* Beany and the Gang By P. L. Crosby # LETE THE LOS

